

The Pensive Maid:

OR, THE Virgin's Complaint for the Loss of her LOVER.

*For Seven Year's Space she patiently did bear
The Absence of her Love, as you shall bear:
At length full Tydings came that he was slain,
And that they never more shall meet again.*

To the Tune of, Through the cool shady Woods, &c.



When Sol did cast no Light,
all darken'd over,
And doleful Time of Night
The Skies did cover;
Down by a River's Side,
where Ships were sailing,
There a fair Maid I spy'd,
weeping and wailing.

I stept unto her strait,
Dearest what ailes thee;
She answer'd me and said,
none can relieve me.
'Tis seven long Years and more
since my Love parted,
And left me on the Shore
quite broken-hearted.

He promis'd to return,
if Life was lent him,
Which makes me sigh and mourn,
Death doth prevent him:
O that I could but hear
some Tidings from him,
How it my Heart would chear,
for all my Longing.
A young Man strait she spy'd
like one amazed,
Which did a Token bring,
whereon she gazed:
Where is my Love quoth she,
that comes not near me?
The young Man he reply'd,
please for to hear me.
Your Love and I did fight
Under one Banner,
Maintaining England's Right,
purchasing Honour.
He was a Seaman bold,
of Courage valiant,
Scorning to be controul'd
by any Gallant.
But in a dreadful Fight,
where Guns did rattle,
And many a gallant Wight
fell in the Battle.
His fatal Destiny
near was approaching,
And summon'd him away
by Death's Incroaching:
When he his Death's-wound had,
and brains were broken,
To me these Words he said,
deliver this Token
To her that has my Heart,
and is much dearer;
Wishing her for my sake,
to love the Bearer

And having spoke these Words,
he then declined,
And in a Stream of Blood
his Life resigned.
Leaving me full of Care,
sad News to bear it,
His Death for to declare,
as you now hear it.
When she the Tidings heard
of his sad Portion,
She like a Stock appear'd,
without all Motion.
At length her Spirits came,
by Grief enflamed;
And then with Floods of Tears
she thus exclaimed:
O ye great Powers above,
which Life do lend us,
And thou the God of Love,
that did befriend us.
Why have ye snatch'd away
my dearest Sweeting,
And by your Cruelty,
spoiled our Meeting?
Since that my Love is dead,
whom I did tender,
No Comfort I will take,
but Life surrender.
In some unwonted Path
there will I wander,
And prove more constant than
E'er was Leander.
And so vain World farewell,
and all thy Pleasure,
Since he is gone that was
my chiefest Treasure.
In the Elizium Shades,
there will I hide me,
Until I find my Love,
whae'er betide me.